

Capital saturates the globe. It insists that its flows are the only flows. As if the human condition could be distilled into equivalences. Any flow becomes another material, to actualize its own mundane flux - affected by the aspirations of totality, but indifferent to the command to cede to totality's logic. The singular effect of countless causes.

There is no relation that's not a juxtaposition, no gathering that's not an assemblage, no object that isn't the result of bricolage. How do we endure persistent inversions of scale and orientation, as age-old confusions of map and territory become dull and obvious? Things still line up into visions of continuity, at least for some amount of time - as long as it takes for an identity to emerge.

— Nicholas Nauman

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